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*Ella Hubbard Spencer.*



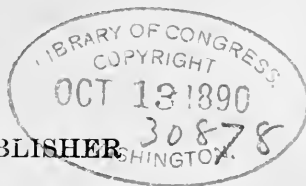
# A SOUVENIR

POSTHUMOUS WRITINGS OF  
ALLA HUBBARD SPENCER

WITH  
A BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY INTRODUCTION  
BY  
J. R. DARNALL

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NEW YORK  
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## PREFACE.

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Alla Hubbard Spencer was born in Henry County, Missouri, July 3rd, 1860; died in Collin County, Texas, December 1st, 1889, aged 29 years 4 months and 28 days.

Doctor Moses Hubbard and Mary Jane Hubbard (*née* Sutton) the deceased's parents, settled in Collin County, Texas, in the fall of 1866, she then being six years of age. Her education was begun and continued in the district school until her sixteenth year. During this period she evinced remarkable intellectuality, always standing in

the front of her classes, and at the same time gaining and holding the respect and esteem of both teachers and pupils. In her sixteenth year she matriculated in Pritchett Institute, Glasgow, Missouri. This seat of learning offering free tuition during one collegiate year to the best qualified student entering from a district school, the deceased, after a rigid examination, received the honor. Her name was found on the roll of honor almost every month of the four years she attended the Institute. She graduated in the class of 1880, receiving with her diploma the degree of Mistress of Literature. Returning to her Texas home, she assisted in domestic duties, still devoting much time to the study of the masters of English literature. She was married to Dr. B. F. Spencer of Weston, Texas, December 16th, 1884. She was a devout Christian, having

given her heart to Jesus in her fourteenth year, always manifesting a lively interest in religious and educational affairs.

In her last moments she fully realized her situation, and, when near the end, expressed herself as being ready and willing to go, as it was God's will, still she regretted to leave her beloved husband and parents, relatives and friends. She stated in her last moments that the greatest wish was that her husband might become a Christian, and solicited him repeatedly to meet her in heaven. The immediate cause of her death was pneumonia, yet she had suffered a long time from heart affection. She died childless. Her last words were, "And they rode into a cave and there found plenty of living water." She was the only child of her parents, who will receive the heart-felt sympathy of

all who may become acquainted with their distressingly sad loss.

Thus has gone out from us another life, precious and sweet; the memory of it will linger long in the minds of old and young who were so fortunate as to come within its influence. Its forces were silent, yet none the less potent. Its influence was exerted always for the right. The loss to society and to the church of such a life cannot be estimated. The world never had, and, I fear, never will possess enough of such lives.

Her writings consist chiefly of poems and essays, none of which—owing to her diffidence—have been published. Her portfolio lies before me while I write, and I find it contains a score or more of essays and poems in various stages of completion. At the request of her husband and parents, I have selected



sixteen poems, four translations, and fourteen essays, as well worth preserving in book form. A spirit of sweet sadness pervades all of the poems. The rhythm is especially fine, showing the true poetic ear. Her powers of imagination and word-painting are also fine, and best of all, the sentiment is pure and lofty, and will touch a responsive chord in the heart of the appreciative reader.

The essays and translations were written while attending the Institute at Glasgow, Missouri. She was yet a school-girl—and the reader must keep that in mind while perusing them. They are edifying and instructive; and I am sure the candid reader will admit, after having read them, that his fund of knowledge concerning the subjects of which they treat, has been increased.

It was the opinion of one of the gifted of earth—an accurate and benevolent

observer of life — that suffering was essential to the rich development of female character. It is interesting to trace the influence of physical, and to some extent of mental, suffering on the character of Mrs. Spencer's writings. It may be truthfully stated that, for two years prior to her death, she had not enjoyed a day of perfect health. Her complaint was an affection of the throat, deemed by the medical fraternity incurable. Her husband and father are both skilful practitioners, and she became acquainted with the nature of her complaint about one year and a half before her death. Shortly after that, in the months of August and September, 1888, she wrote the greater number of the poems contained in this volume. They increase in pathos and beauty as her sufferings increase. She wrote : *A Summer in the Mountains*, at that

time, in anticipation of a visit to the Rocky Mountains in hope of improving her health. It is like a song-burst from a caged bird on beholding the sunlight and blue sky and green trees—a hoping against hope.

This little volume is sent forth as a souvenir to the many relatives and friends of Mrs. Spencer. May it call up afresh in their minds the many graces and charms of mind and heart with which she was so richly endowed. It is sent to the stranger to sing the soft, sweet songs, and utter the ennobling thoughts of her who is no longer of earth, with the hope that some life may be made better, more resigned, more worthy.

J. R. DARNALL.

WESTON, Texas,  
*Feb.*, 24, 1890.



DESTINY.

THE fates forever ride  
Relentless side by side,  
And while they ride they spin  
Forever on a thread  
Of destiny.

For some, like golden light,  
The thread is truly bright ;  
For others sombre-hued—  
Now coarse, now fine, they spin  
With changing mood.

And, whatsoever kind  
Of thread the fates, we find,  
Have spun for us, we should  
It try to weave into  
A garment fair.

On judgment day we'll, clad  
In these, appear, and sad  
Indeed that knots should show  
Where we've allowed the thread  
Entangled grow.

PARTINGS.

'Tis sad that friends congenial found,  
Whose souls are linked unto my soul,  
And by most sacred ties are bound,  
Should ever know  
What 'tis to part.  
They come and go,  
How aches my heart!

Mayhap the rugged path of life  
Some other pathway joins, and we  
Pursue our way with joy, and strife  
We think is o'er,  
But soon we part  
To meet no more,  
How aches my heart!

Perhaps our paths will touch again  
To somewhere cross, and then diverge,  
And leave us lonely as we came,

And thus we know  
What 'tis to part,  
To come and go  
With aching heart !

Congenial friends and thou found true  
We seldom find upon the road  
Of life, as we our way pursue ;  
Then how can we  
With lightness part ?  
It cannot be.  
How aches my heart !



EVENTIDE.

'TIS now the hour of gloaming,  
And thick the shadows fall,  
And thought with fancy roaming  
They seem of day the pall.

And through the mists thick lying  
The village lights appear,  
And long has been the dying  
Of daylight, damp and drear.

All day the clouds were lowering,  
And veiled from earth the sun,  
The gloom was overpowering,  
But now the day is done.

The wind is softly sighing  
Among the tree-tops tall,  
And, through the darkness flying,  
I hear the night-bird's call.

I WOULD NOT LIVE THIS LIFE  
AGAIN.

YOU ask if unto me 'twere given  
Then would I live this life again ;  
I think, 'tis scarcely worth the living  
Its sunlight marred with shades of  
pain.

I've tasted not the dregs of sorrow,  
To me has Heaven been most kind,  
And I have trusted each to-morrow  
The richest blessings still to find.

My deepest heart's desire is ever  
On me bestowed, and most benign  
Has fortune smiled on each endeavor  
Of this poor halting life of mine.

But even life bestowed in fullness  
Has care, vexations not a few,

*I Would not Live this Life Again.* 19

And oft besides there's much of dullness  
With yet a better life in view.

If here on earth our lives had ending,  
Had we no hope of better life,  
And unto that our footsteps tending,  
Then 'twere not well to live in strife.

One-half this earth's in shadow ever  
And more than half of life is shade;  
I hope for perfect life where never  
A shadow dark of pain is made.

## JEALOUSY.

THE green-eyed monster grim  
That wounds the human breast—  
Which has it cherished warm  
And brings a great unrest  
Instead of peace and deep  
Security most blest.

The bane alike of home  
And nations, bane of king  
As well as peasant low.  
To this most horrid thing  
If shelter we allow  
We'll surely feel its sting.

It will usurp the place  
Of every noble hope  
And aspiration high,  
And leave the soul to mope  
And, 'mid dark fears and doubts,  
Its onward way to grope.

A SUMMER IN THE MOUNTAINS.

At last set free  
From busy care  
And happy, we  
Will breath the air  
Of mountains high—  
My love and I.

The summer breeze  
Is not more free  
Among the trees  
Than we will be  
Without a sigh  
My love and I.

O'er rocks and hills  
We'll wander on  
At our own wills,  
From early dawn  
Till dark is nigh—  
My love and I

We'll rest upon  
The mossy slopes,  
And tell what's gone  
And fondest hopes  
Of by-and-by—  
My love and I.

We side by side  
Have toiled for years,  
And we've been tried  
'Mid hopes and fears  
And found each true—  
Both I and you.

And each has borne  
The other's care,  
And we have known  
Our joys to share  
So, till we die,  
My love and I.

The days thus spent  
Will seem, when gone,

*A Summer in the Mountains.* 23

By Heaven lent  
To lead us on  
To home on high—  
My love and I.

## MIDSUMMER RAIN.

BUT late the clouds hung low  
And seemed of storms to tell ;  
The wind began to blow  
With wailing, desolate sound,  
That said not all was well.

From leaden sky the rain  
In heavy drops fell fast,  
And thunder crashed amain,  
But like a passion burst  
Full soon the clouds had passed.

Now clearest blue the sky,  
The sun is shining bright,  
And rain-drops sparkling lie  
Like diamonds on the grass  
In soft refulgent light.



THE WORLD IS WEARY.

ALL human hearts grow weary,  
Weary of toil and tears,  
Of disappointments dreary,  
Doubting and restless fears ;  
Of ills and aching sorrow,  
Weary of want and strife,  
Of trusting a bright to-morrow,  
To cheer a sombre life.

The man of high ambition  
Wearies of earth's applause,  
And weary his condition—  
Greater by far the cause—  
If fails his life's endeavor  
Tiresome wealth will grow  
To those who've lacked it never,  
And weariness all know.

*The World is Weary.*

The world's aweary ever,  
Weary 'twill ever be,  
And hope there is here never  
Ending of pain to see ;  
But there's a promise given,  
Promise Divine, most blest,  
If rightly we have striven  
We'll have eternal rest.

## MIDNIGHT.

THE time is that of midnight still,  
And grandly solemn is the hour.  
The wind now gently stirs the leaves  
Unseen, mysterious, its power.

And now it sweeps majestic 'round  
The house with low and dismal moan  
Which sometimes rises to a shriek  
Then falls again to sob or groan.

The trees before my window nod,  
And, bowing heads together, seem  
To talk and whisper ever o'er  
Some deep and truly secret scheme.

Solemnity is now much increased  
By scream of some wild bird of night  
Which, like a soul disconsolate,  
Through darkest regions wings its  
flight.

●

The fevered pulse of care that throbbed  
Along the village streets by day  
To quiet soothed and cooled at last,  
And every trouble passed away.

And as a fretful child is hushed  
Upon its nurse's patient breast,  
So on the breast of sable night  
At length has man consoling rest.

He's soothed and comforted by sleep  
Of ailing man, restorative,  
By blessed sleep, a panacea  
For woes and ills of all who live.

With loving, tender pity, stars  
Look down upon a sleeping world,  
A canopy of sin and doubt  
And ignorance around it furled.

They pity man's condition dark,  
And strive to give with all their light  
Enlightenment to earth, and thus  
They make most glorious the night.

TRANSLATED FROM THE  
GERMAN.

LONG ago the Lord of Glory  
Lived on earth, a little child ;  
He was gentle, he was holy,  
He was always kind and mild.

He was cradled in a manger,  
Poor and humble was his bed.  
Jesus, who on earth a stranger  
Had not where to lay his head.

When he came, the angels singing  
Told the shepherds of his birth,  
“ Christ,” they say, is come, he’s bringing  
Joy and peace to men on earth !

Let us love him, let us fear him,  
Let us learn of him below ;  
Then in Heaven we shall see him,  
More of him we shall know.

## SUMMER TWILIGHT.

THE sun not long ago  
Went blushing out of sight,  
And shadows deeper grow  
While sunlight fades to-night.

In distant western skies  
Faint traces yet are seen  
Of mellow sunset dyes  
The day and night between.

Serene and peaceful hour  
When busy cares are o'er,  
It comes with restful power  
Unknown each day before.

Adown the village street  
I children's voices hear  
Arising, clear and sweet,  
As music to my ear.

A chorus rises high  
Of frogs down at the pond  
A merry-making high  
Of noisy discord found.

Attention next is swayed  
By many varied note,  
By different insects made,  
Upon the air afloat.

The mocking-bird now trills  
Above these sounds his song,  
A melody which thrills  
Our hearts the whole night long

For now the moon is seen  
Above the rising hill,  
A moonlit-night-scene  
With praise his heart does fill.

I hear with lonely cry  
A distant whip-poor-will,  
An owl to-hoos hard-by  
From treetops near the mill.

At such a peaceful hour  
Discordant sounds do blend,  
As if some magic power  
A harmony could lend.



## MORNING.

GRAY streaks, as messengers  
To herald coming day,  
In oriental sky  
Are seen, so far away.

Now nature's hushed in sleep  
The silence is profound,  
And gently breathes the air  
On every object round.

Aurora soon is queen,  
And dead is darksome night,—  
At once the scene is changed  
And radiant grows the light.

A rosy splendor falls  
On all the landscape round,  
Enchantment lends to things  
Which mean are sometimes found.

But soon deposed is she  
The gentle, peaceful queen,—  
On comes the king of day,  
Such pageant never seen.

Before him comes in might  
A brilliant army grand,  
His forces numerous appear  
As grains of seashore sand.

## MIDSUMMER.

THE season now midsummer fair,  
The place our sunny southern land,  
A rolling prairie stretches far,  
And swells into proportions grand.

The sun shines with relentless power,  
The feathery grasses slightly nod,  
And wilts and droops each flowering  
shrub  
That lifts its head above the sod.

The drowsy housefly scarce disturbs  
The universal hush and peace.  
For once the mocking-bird has thought  
His wild and taunting lay to cease.

O'er all the distant landscape lies  
A vibrant flood, both soft and bright,  
As if a magic power unseen  
Had covered all with molten light.

The time an emblem fitting seems  
Of life's meridian timely come,  
The restless heart of early life  
Is soothed, and many battles won.

'Tis now man halts a little while,  
His life well rounded seems complete,  
The promises of spring fulfilled  
And ripened into harvest meet.

If aught of disappointment was—  
And where's the life without its grief?  
The soft and genial light affords  
In some degree a sweet relief.

## MIRAGE.

OH! the wind is hot and parching,  
And the sun is truly scorching,  
And burning sands in billows blow,  
Forever tossing to and fro.

And the light around is glaring,  
And the sky above is staring.  
The pilgrim now so weary grows;  
As through the burning heat he goes

Oh! the thirst within is raging,  
And no hope of its assuaging,  
Until the desert sands are crossed—  
He thinks ere this his life is lost.

Now appears, far distant gleaming  
In the sun, a pure lake seeming,  
That mirrored palms which round it  
grow.  
Are seen from clearest depth below.

And his courage now returning,  
But his soul within him burning,  
He strives again to hasten on  
But, lo ! the phantom lake is gone.

So, in life we travel, hoping,  
Now in disappointments groping,  
Between extremes our way we wend  
And, fainting not, will reach the end.

## MUSIC.

OH ! great intangible power  
That sways the human heart,  
And causes pulses to slow  
Or with a throb to start.  
Now low, now swelling grand,  
Now grave, and then most glad,  
A full emotion tide  
Pathetic now, and sad.

The soul's own language true,  
And understood by soul  
Of every time and age and clime,  
From pole to pole.  
Resembling points it has  
To poetry, we say,  
But differs wide in this  
If not in other way :

The poet's language must  
Be known before his thought—  
The universal truth  
He tells--can meaneth aught.  
Encumbered thus by words,  
As soul by mortal coil,  
So poetry confined  
In fetters bound must toil.

But disembodied souls  
Are like to music free,  
And why is music not  
The loosened soul of poetry?  
And thus, perchance, commune  
Immortal spirits blest,  
In strains of music sweet,  
Surpassing far our best.



RAINY AFTERNOON.

THE morn awoke most fair,  
But nature's changed her dyes  
Of warm and yellow light  
For those of cheerless gray,  
And now a shadow lies  
On every thing in sight.

A slow and steady rain  
Has fallen half the day,  
The landscape sadly weeps,  
And every singing bird  
Has ceased his cheerful lay—  
His hope is dead or sleeps.

A wave of gloom has spread  
Its shadow over me,  
And darker grows the shore  
Which I must try to win  
Of doubts and fears a sea  
To cross, untried before.

## SUNSET.

THIS eve I watched the sunset—  
A sunset, radiant fair ;  
All cloudless was the sky  
And serenely clear the air.

The sun neared the horizon,  
The clearest amber light  
Began to change to orange,  
The tints were rich and bright.

The distant hilltops gilded  
And nearer woods were thrown  
In dark and purple shadows,  
And thus by contrast shown.

And every moment rosier  
The sky became, and grew  
The shadows ever deeper  
In sombre gry and blue,

In bold relief all objects  
Were seen to stand in shade  
Against the sky now reddening  
As the sun a farewell bade.

The red to purple deepened,  
And purple into gray,  
With promise of fair morrow  
The sunlight fades away.

And may as bright a promise  
Of happy morn appear  
For me, when life's sunset  
And night of death draw near.



## ESSAYS.

## POETRY.

THE name poetry, in its ordinary acception, may suggest those little stanzas which fill the odd places and corners of our newspapers and magazines. There is frequently something really pleasing in these, and occasionally something so impressive as to be remembered, but they are usually soon lost and forgotten. Then poetry of the highest type must have a nobler, broader sphere; otherwise we would not find so many grand old poems, which are read and universally admired, from age to age.

Poetry is the language of the imagination, and arises from a vision of some-

thing better and more exalted than what is realized in every-day life.

All poetical ideas do not become expressed in the form of poetry; indeed, many a person has grand poetical thoughts which he is never able to communicate to others. There are also many things which cannot be expressed, except in poetry.

Rhythm is considered essential to poetry, because it appears to be the natural form of expression for highly imaginative ideas.

Poetry appears to be of very early origin. Sacred history informs us that Moses—the first author now known to mankind—and the children of Israel sang praises to God when they were delivered from the hosts of Pharaoh. Not only do we know that they sang, but that song has been preserved through all of the intervening ages, and

we may to-day read it for ourselves. This is the oldest masterpiece of poetic productions which we have.

The Greeks were an ingenious people and they endeavored to attribute the gift of poetry to their imaginary deities. With them Apollo was the god of poetry and was said to be attended by the nine muses, the daughters of Memory. Traces of poetry are found in the literary annals of every nation. Poetry existed in some form, even among the rudest barbarians.

The first poets sang their productions, in order to render them more impressive. We must remember that at this early period, only a favored few were able to read, and, had the poet not adopted some means of sounding his verses, the great mass of people would have remained in ignorance of their very existence.

Pathos, sentiment and the emotions form the most common themes of the

poets. Almost numberless bards have chosen as their subject the passion of love, while many others delight in thrilling descriptions of imaginary battles. Poetry is varied and nicely adapted to the sentiments of every class of people. There are several divisions of poetry, each possessing its own peculiarity. Epic poetry describes heroic deeds and is of the most elevated character. History has generally furnished the themes for this class of poetry. A historical event, in order to be worthy of an epic poem, must be such as to engage the attention of whole nations, and, since such events are comparatively few, the number of epic poems must also be limited. There are three great epic poems universally acknowledged to surpass all others. These are, "Iliad," "Æneid" and "Paradise Lost." Elegiac poetry is always characterized by sad-



ness. Of this class the most widely known in our language is Gray's *Elegy* in a *Country Churchyard*.

Dramatic poetry has received much attention. Amongd dramatists, Shakespeare may justly be considered superior. Yet there are those of Germany and France of no mean repute.

Under the head of lyric poetry, we find odes, hymns, psalms, and ballads. The odes of Pindar, Anacreon, and Horace form the models of the odes of modern times. In English poetry, Collins' "*Ode on Passion*," and Dryden's on "*St. Cecilia's Day*," rank among the highest.

The "*Psalms*" of David and of the other Hebrew poets bear a close resemblance to the hymns of the present day.

The ballad fully displays the tastes, habits and sentiments of the people among whom it is found. The influence

of the ballad upon the character of a nation is so great that some one has said: "I care not who makes the laws of a people, if I may make its ballads." Besides the kinds of poetry already mentioned, there is didactic poetry, which rather intends to instruct than to please. Pastoral poetry, representing the shepherd in his rural life; and satiric poetry, decrying the faults of man. Modern satirists frequently confine themselves to exaggerated imitations of the satires of antiquity, but many have the true spirit of a satire in regard to its moral beauty, delicate irony and humor. There are also many poems of such a nature that they cannot be classed under any particular one of the divisions mentioned, but appear to belong equally to two or three different classes.

It is the end of poetry either to please or to instruct. It appears to be the

chief aim of poetry to cause pleasure of an elevated or pathetic nature. It has been said: "Poetry combines the advantages of the art of design, and of music. Like the former, it retraces for the imagination the picture of eternal objects; like the latter, it expresses feeling in its inmost and profoundest nature. It adds to the clearness of thought; it alone of the fine arts has the prerogative of presenting an event in all of its parts, as well as the complete course of action."

**THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.**

THE saddest part of the year has come. The wailing winds have stripped the foliage from the trees, and the withered leaves lie heaped in the hollows of the groves. The song-birds have flown, the harsh "caw" of the crow from the tree-top only tends to render the melancholy days more dreary. The beautiful flowers, like many of the fair and good of our race, are lying low in their graves.

The chill rain of November falls upon them, but does not call them back to life. It is true, many of our spring flowers were gone some time ago, but the hills and woods were still decked with many of the most lovely flowers, when the frost fell from the clear, cold heaven

and destroyed their vitality and brightness. The falling of the frost upon the flowers reminds us of the plague which falls upon man. When the mild, warm days of winter come, and the bee and the squirrel leave their winter home to enjoy the sunshine, the south wind will search for the fragrant flowers, but will no longer find them, either in the woods or by the stream.

Once when one of earth's pure ones died we buried her among the withered leaves, for it was autumn, and we wept that she, so lovely, should have a life so short. Now, when I think of it, it does not appear so unsuitable that this beautiful young friend should perish with the flowers.

## ANCIENT AND MODERN TRAGEDY.

It is a fact that, while any literature in its infancy is lyrical, and later epical, it is most perfectly developed in the drama. In order that this highest type of literature may be cultivated with success, there are two conditions entirely indispensable: one, a national activity to inspire the dramatist with the sentiments requisite for this kind of a production, and the other, an appreciative public ready to receive the works when finished. Among the nations of antiquity, these conditions were best fulfilled in the Greeks, and it was with them that ancient tragedy reached its greatest perfection. It is probable that it was only through Grecian influence

that tragedy appeared among the other peoples of that time. Since, among modern nations, the conditions essential to the growth and development of the drama have been most favorable in England, it is here that modern tragedy has best succeeded. The superiority of the Grecian and English drama cannot be attributed entirely to a national activity and an appreciative public, but much is due to the fact that each of them may boast a more perfect and complete range of literature than contemporary nations. Then, it is clear why we take Greek tragedy to represent the ancient, and English to represent the modern drama.

Tragedy originated in songs sung in praise of Bacchus, and at first consisted only of a chorus. After a while the poet himself accompanied the chorus and exchanged speeches with it, but it

was not until the time of Æschylus, that a conversation was carried on by two actors. Sophocles added a third actor, and limited the functions of the chorus. By undergoing such changes as these, tragedy has developed into a thing so different from what it was at first, that we see in it but few traces of its origin.

No art is more influenced by surroundings than the drama. Then, in order to fully understand ancient tragedy, it is necessary to consider the Grecian stage, or rather, that of Athens, since this was the model of the Grecian theatre. It was for this place that all plays of importance were written. At Athens there was but one theatre, and it was well attended by all classes and supported at public expense. In this the people took a special pride. Actors were not then, as afterwards, regarded with pity or contempt, but it was considered



honorable to be in any way connected with the profession. Even the construction and situation of the Athenian stage largely influenced tragedy. The building was a great stone edifice, fronting the sea, and without a covering, some of the grandest pieces of architecture and sculpture which the city of Athens contained were in sight. Reference to these or to objects in nature, was quite natural, and could be made without scenic representation, since at that time all plays were rendered in daylight. Actors wore masks, heavy training robes and high-heeled buskins. They maintained a majestic air, and did but little acting. Their style of dress would not permit violent gesticulation, had such a thing not been beneath their dignity. Nothing that required rapid movement appeared upon the stage, but the play was related in a narrative style

by a messenger. His speeches were frequently long, and allowed the poet range for beautiful and vivid description. They were nearly always pathetic and exciting. The chorus, so important at first, always retained a place in ancient tragedy. It sang at irregular intervals, governed entirely by the subject and the occasion. The Greek drama allowed no change of time and place, and was an uninterrupted representation. This strict observance of the rules of unity, rendered the stage unnatural, and gave it a peculiar stiffness. There is a freedom about the modern stage altogether foreign to the Grecian. There is a frequent change of place, and great art is displayed in scenery, which, under the influence of gaslight, closely imitates nature. Actors now suit their dress to the part they render, and never hesitate to perform any act that ordinary life or

human nature dictates. The tragedy of the ancients was mystic and studied, while that of the present is passionate and more natural.

Sculpture was the art of the Greeks, as music is that of modern times, and it is true that ancient tragedy bears the same relation to sculpture that modern tragedy bears to music. The one is to us a real thing, well finished and complete in itself. The other appeals to the imagination alone, is unlimited, and, while it awakens desires and longings, passes away, leaving us but partially satisfied. The Greeks were content with perfection within definite limits, while people of the present have an ideal perfection as their standard. The ancients follow their personages far enough to determine what the future is to be, but, in modern tragedy, curiosity and expectation are frequently raised to

the highest pitch, and the play suddenly dropped, leaving the imagination to supply what is wanting. Even if there were no other differences between ancient and modern tragedy, the great dissimilarity in their subjects would be sufficient to cause them to be quite unlike. The ancients treated sublime subjects, and had but little to do with the affairs of every-day life. They personified, the ideal and represented the gods and heroes in their relations to men and to each other. They adhered closely to legends, and from these drew all of their material. Popular opinion would not allow the poet to take a subject outside of these old myths, but confined him to purely religious themes.

Modern tragedians have a broad range of subjects, and feel themselves at perfect liberty to use any material that presents itself. Not only were the ancients

confined to a certain class of subjects, but each play must teach the same lesson of a retributive justice. Our tragedians have never had a common central thought to bring out. They had not felt it their duty to present any special moral or religious principle. In fact they have hardly aimed to teach anything. Their object has been to paint nature, to represent all shades of human character and to exhibit life in its various phases. Beyond this they have hardly had an object. Even the most moral have not endeavored to ennoble human life, but to represent it as they find it.

But the crowning difference between ancient and modern tragedy is in the treatment of female character, for woman played rather an insignificant part in the ancient drama. Her character was usually slightly drawn, or some one point of it brought out with great clear-

ness and the other elements necessary to make up a natural woman left untouched. We may account for this by the fact that the Grecian woman lived in the strictest retirement, with little social life, and she consequently had but small opportunity to develop character as we understand the term. As woman now occupies a high plane in social life, so she is prominent in the drama, and it is the aim of our authors to correctly delineate female character, and ability to do this is regarded as the highest exponent of the true artist.

ENGLAND UNDER THE RULE OF THE  
REGICIDES.

Rarely in the history of any nation has there been known such a state of confusion as overspread England at the middle of the seventeenth century. The news of the fearful death of Charles I. had spread far and wide, sending a thrill of horror to the heart of every true royalist. When the king was beheaded, all authority by which the kingdom had been governed, both civil and ecclesiastical was dissolved, and for a time the whole nation, apparently, was without any government; each man set himself to work to carry out his own idea of a republic with a distinct mode of government and a separate system of religion.

When this state of affairs had continued for a few months the people declared they would thenceforth be governed as a Commonwealth and a free state.

The Parliament now held the sovereignty which had so recently been taken from the King, and exercised it most tyrannically. An oath of fidelity was imposed upon the citizens, all who refused to take it being excluded from the courts of justice.

Those who had in any way sided with the king were not only debarred from holding office, but even from voting. Parliament acknowledged that all authority was taken from the people, but professed an intention of restoring it as soon as the country became more settled. The army, consisting of fifty thousand men, did not like the aspect of affairs. They had been fighting for liberty, and it was not probable that they would sub-



mit all power to Parliament; so, on one memorable morning a party of veterans, at the command of Cromwell, quietly took their places before the assembled Parliament, with fixed bayonets, stood immovable while Cromwell ordered the members to depart, "in the name of God." It is needless to say they went.

Up to this time Cromwell had acted as mediator between Parliament and the army, but after this extreme measure he joined the latter and sent a summons to certain Puritan notables and formed the little Parliament, wittily called the "Barebones Parliament," yet in spite of the odium it incurred, it did all the routine business of a Parliament in quite a superior manner. With this Parliament under his thumb, the good-will of the soldiery, which he had managed to retain, although broke with nearly every other class of men, it was not long be-

fore he had full control under title of *Protector*. He gave England a new constitution as near like that of the monarchy as the army would permit. After a time he considered it safe to advance further, and in a few years he had nearly restored the old system, but under new names.

He made good treaties, and received congratulatory embassies from France and Spain. His powerful arm was felt throughout all England. Laws were not violated, and the nation enjoyed a greater degree of peace and security than it had for many years; the only source of disquietude being conspiracies that were frequently formed against the Protector and his government. Knowing of these plots he warded them off by his watchfulness, his sternness, his rigor in influencing the lower class, and succeeded in ruling England for several years. Be-

ing allowed to name his successor he left his office at his death to his son.

Richard Cromwell entered upon his new work under apparently favorable circumstances. For about six months things went peaceably, and his government was thought to be about settled, when Parliament arose and took it from him. The army rebelled, and again rendered Parliament submissive. The sovereignty was finally restored to Parliament by General Monk, on condition that the young king should occupy his throne. Nearly all England rejoiced at this movement, and now, twelve years after Charles I. was beheaded, his son, Charles II., was proclaimed king. The three predominant political parties, during the Protectorate were the Royalists, Presbyterians and Independents. The Royalists, consisting of men of nobility, had been plundered of their property

and all authority had been taken from them, therefore they were filled with hatred and resentment towards the new form of government, and always continued firmly attached to the son of their unfortunate Monarch; many followed him into foreign lands, and those who remained in England, although oppressed and allowed no participation in the government of their country, showed no subjection to Cromwell, and always affected a superiority to the usurpers.

The Presbyterians were supporters of the Parliament at first; but, as their cunning associates used them as tools and gave them no fruits of their successful labor, they became much enraged and determined to enlist themselves on the side of the Royalists, but they had to overcome many prejudices before they could become supporters of the family

of the Stuarts, which had so grievously offended them.

The Independent party, at the head of which was Cromwell, had supreme control of affairs, and was supported almost entirely by the army, which still had a large share of power in his hands, although at many times those "arrogant troopers" appeared in immediate danger of a fall, for the soldiers had only learned a few rules of military obedience, and knew nothing of the subordination of citizens. It was through the influence of Cromwell that any stability or order was maintained among them. No social intercourse was kept up, and no marriages contracted between the Royalists and the Independents.

While religious persecution was less than at any time since the Reformation, nevertheless it was far greater than consistency would lead us to suppose,

when we remember that the same men who had usurped the power had for half a century previously, devoted themselves to the cause of religious liberty, and had claimed freedom of conscience as the basis of the Christian religion. The unfortunate Roman Catholics were scarcely considered suitable beings to come within the range of Christian charity. It seems that no torture could be devised too cruel for them. Many were banished, others imprisoned or cruelly put to death. Presbyterianism, the leading denomination, enjoined much religious freedom, and toleration, but was frequently disturbed by doubts and suspicions. Those religious sects, which were on the victorious side, had peace, and prosperity, and the Jews, whose worship had not been tolerated for four centuries, were permitted to build a synagogue in London.

Charles I. had done much for the advancement of the fine arts, traces of which yet remained. Cromwell, though in many respects a barbarian, possessed some degree of taste for literature, and endeavored to encourage rather than suppress it, though he was a fearful iconoclast concerning everything that pertained to the licentious French school, the works of which Charles I. had introduced in England.

During the Protectorate the governmental expenses of England were greater than under the rule of any of the Stuarts. Notwithstanding heavy taxes were levied without the consent of the commons, at the death of Cromwell the nation was burdened with debt. Yet, Cromwell had been successful in all his wars, which, through necessity, he had undertaken, and was feared and respected at home and abroad. He was

severe, ambitious and energetic. When Charles I. was beheaded he lifted the head by the hair to make sure that it was severed from the body, and, holding it in his hand, coldly remarked: "That body was well formed and promised a long life." Cromwell aspired to royalty, and as he never found anything too difficult to be accomplished, it is probable that, through his ambition and untiring energy, he would have obtained even this, had his life been prolonged. During the Protectorate he was apparently tyrannical, but many attribute to him in his seeming cruelty, worthy motives and an earnest desire to benefit his nation, and had he lived a little longer, he would, perhaps, have left England in a far better condition. His over-taxed strength failed before more was accomplished, and we may not say whether his intentions were good or bad. A storm which



tore roofs from houses and leveled huge trees in every forest, seemed a fitting prelude to the passing away of his mighty spirit. On the third of September, the day which had witnessed his victories of Worcester and Dunbar, Cromwell quietly breathed his last."

While the purity of his intentions may be very justly questioned, we cannot say England is worse to-day for his rule and influence. The works of Cromwell are shown forth in that afterwards the rights of men were faithfully respected and the divine right of kings not so rigorously insisted upon. Kings governed with the death warrant of Charles I. before them, and took care not to rule their subjects as mere <sup>tools</sup> of the crown. England's Puritans which, as long as Cromwell live never bowed to any power, at last perished, never to be resurrect

the incoming of Charles II. anarchy crept in ; the rebound was immense, and it was only after long years of darkness that the English people were able to look back to Cromwell as one of the prime actors in the glorious destiny of the English nation.

## LITTLE FAILURES.

It appears that the great failures of our lives bear with them less evil than those numerous little failures which are universally tolerated. When a person is guilty of a failure in regard to a great thing, he becomes publicly censured and there is hope that he will amend his course. The case is different when the failure is a little one. It sometimes escapes notice altogether, or is considered of too little importance to demand the attention of any one. For this reason one becomes a person of fixed habits without having corrected his little failures. His friends have indulged his careless habits, and he goes on through life, failing in the same things day after day.

As a general thing, you will find little failures the result of thoughtlessness or of careless habits, rather than of any evil design. We fail to do a thousand little things which would add to the pleasure of others, and increase our own happiness, simply because we do not think of doing them.

Little failures are not only wrong in themselves, but they frequently lead to greater things. There are numerous cases to remind one of the old story of a "horse-shoe lost for the want of a nail, and a horse lost for the want of a shoe."

When people find that little failures have led to some great evil, some will spend much time in lamenting the fact that such a result was not prevented, while others will keep repeating "I saw that long ago," or "Just as I told you." However, no reform is brought about by

either class. When the failure has ceased to be a subject of gossip it is forgotten, and the world moves on just as before.

## DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.

It appears strange that in such a busy world as ours there should be any who are content not to take an active part in life and strive to accomplish some great object. But if we only look around, we will find a class of people—and the class is surprisingly large—who appear to be drifting, as it were, along the great tide of life in the most careless manner. There are many persons who attend various places of amusement, not that they enjoy it, but because it is fashionable. They go to church because other people go, and they do not like to be odd. And thus they enter society in all its various forms, not to profit by it or because it affords them any particular

pleasure, but simply because it is customary. Very frequently such persons appear much dissatisfied with the world, and think it a dull thing to live.

They are often envious of others who really enjoy themselves, but at the same time they make no effort to stop drifting and go to rowing and accomplish something which would make them happy. Many, however, drift along very smoothly for a while, but, sooner or later, storms arise, and when adversity's cold winds are howling about them they know not what to do, for they have never borne any of the hardships of life and what can they do now, in the midst of trials? They bewail their fate, but all to no purpose, for soon their light boat is wrecked and they perish. They are not missed, for they have never done anything for the world, and that they ever existed is soon forgotten.

THE FIRST STROKE IS HALF THE  
BATTLE.

Students frequently realize that "The first stroke is half the battle," when essays are required of them. They often spend much time in trying to find a subject worthy of their attention, or more frequently one upon which they are able to write; however, the subject being chosen and the essay begun, their task is soon accomplished. In fact it is *more* than half done, for the composition of the ordinary school boy or girl is not very long, and a comparatively short time is spent in writing it.

The saying: "The first stroke is half the battle," is equally true in regard to greater undertakings. A thing may be most difficult to accomplish and require



many long and tiresome hours or years ; still, when all plans are formed and the first stroke made, it may well be considered half accomplished.

History affords numerous examples of great enterprises which one might call half completed, when only the first stroke was made. The battle of Columbus was certainly half fought when he set sail towards the New World.

At this age of advanced civilization, it appears that a determination and a beginning will bring about most wonderful results, however visionary the attempt may at first seem.

## RESTS IN THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

The journey of life is usually represented as being up the side of a steep and rugged hill. True enough, parts of this hill may be decidedly unattractive, yet there are places where one may stop to rest and look down at the parts of the road already passed over. How truly has it been said, "There is many a rest in the road of life; if we would only stop to take it." We may compare the rests in life to the rests in music. Each week brings a day of rest, which, in connection with our holidays, may be compared to the whole note-rests in music. Our moments of recreation and time spent in social enjoyment constitute the shorter rests.

The rests appear to be few in the lives of some people, especially those leading active business lives. Yet there are times when any one may leave off business, and have a few hours of quiet meditation or enter into a pleasant conversation with some friend.

There are times in the life of every one when the great responsibilities which commonly weigh heavily appear to vanish, and all cares are for the time forgotten.

Life demands activity, but it equally demands rests, and if these are rightly improved one is able to enter heartily again upon the duties which arise before him.

## LEGITIMACY.

Legitimacy is commonly regarded as lawfulness, but this cannot be the true meaning of the word when applied to government; for it would be absurd to say a legitimate government is one which is not prohibited by law, since government itself consists of law and regulations. Political legitimacy is considered to be a right founded upon length of duration, for priority is pleaded as a source of right.

All of the various systems of civilization claim for themselves legitimacy of government. Absolute right to legitimacy has been contended for, by the school of civilians, the advocates of monarchy, the republicans, and by the

Church of Rome. One of the chief characteristics of each of these systems is to deny violence as the source of authority, and to associate its origin with a notion of justice and morality. Violence truly gives rise to a government, but man is desirous of order and justice, and is never satisfied until he sees these predominate. For this reason he naturally introduces morality and legitimacy into the government in which he lives. For some time it has been customary among political writers of the Continent of Europe to regard monarchy as the only form of legitimate government. This, however, is certainly a mistake, since a certain degree of legitimacy may be found in any form of government.

The most legitimate government is, probably, the one which is most firmly established in regard to its laws and regulations.

## CUSTOMS.

When I say customs I mean the habits of our race, more particularly those of the American people. Many of the habits or customs are worthy of much higher praise than a school-girl can bestow upon them ; yes, many of them are worthy of being described and praised by the most flowery and logical orators of the day. A little below this class we find many of our customs are not particularly meritorious of plaudit, while at the same time are not so low as to demand any censure or condemnation. By going a step lower we find many that should be amended. If our customs and changes were founded upon sound logical reasoning, if they were rigidly scrutinized by

the most brilliant and penetrating intellects of the day, and such as would be deemed non-essential were rejected, there would be quite a revolution in many respects. Mechanics are rapidly changing the style of the utensils which they manufacture, but their changes are always improvements or intended for improvements. No piece of machinery is ever laid aside until something else is invented which better supplies its place. The same is the case with the sciences. Discoveries are continually being made in these as well as in all other things. But they must always undergo a thorough examination and rigid scrutiny before they are admitted as useful, and even then, unless they are considered better than anything of the kind which has been before discovered they are not likely to be regarded. But we find this is not the case in many other customs,

more particularly the popular fashions of dress. They change quarterly, and sometimes oftener, without regard to any advantage that can be shown, except the pecuniary gain to the manufacturer and vender of the new attire, which is to be substituted for that which is not more than half worn. Would it not be well if fashions were put to the same scrutiny before they are adopted—comfort, neatness and convenience being studied? One great reason that customs in regard to fashions change so frequently is, that the aristocratic and wealthy class are endeavoring to reach a point beyond which the poor cannot follow; while, on the other hand, the common class are constantly striving to keep up. Now if this class were to adopt a rule of their own, and imitate such as were actual improvements, rejecting all others, they would act upon a principle that would



soon reduce fashion to a science, and by this means have not only the honor, but the most exquisite delight in seeing the other class following their example. Then would our fashions in dress, like all other sciences (for it would then be a science), be based upon sound judgment and take an important place in the annals of history. When we observe the great development and wonderful improvements of the nineteenth century we fancy the customs of fashions will soon be taken up by scientific minds and developed, as many other perhaps more important, but not more attractive, customs.

INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH UPON CIVILIZATION, FROM FIFTH TO TWELFTH CENTURY INCLUSIVE.

In order to comprehend the influence of the Church upon civilization we must fully understand its conditions with regard to its internal affairs, its relation with temporal rulers, and with the people. At the fall of the Roman Empire, the Church appeared as an organized body, full of influence and vigor. She had reached the summit of her hopes, since she considered paganism and heresy banished from her presence. Let us examine her government. Government, in order to be legitimate, must have authority situated in the hands of the most worthy, and the authority must respect the liberties of the people. Since

the Church was a corporation, and not a caste, she was supposed to be governed by the most worthy. However, she extended her authority unlawfully, and so her government could not be legitimate in this respect. She denied to individuals the right of reason and assumed for herself the right of compelling persons to do as she wished. The Church converted the barbarians by whom she was surrounded, and then undertook to re-establish the Empire. She called on the barbarian kings to enter into the same relations with her that had existed between the Church and the Roman Empire. It was impossible to form a Roman Empire of barbarians, so the Church, to save herself, drew a distinction between temporal and spiritual power. When this was done, a desire of liberty grew into a desire of power, and the spiritual power

undertook to govern the world. She probably undertook this, because she found herself in possession of nearly all the intelligence of the age, and because of the violence and iniquity which prevailed in the temporal order.

When we consider the Church in her relation to the people, we cannot fail to notice the great vice of separating the government from the governed, and allowing the governed no legal influence upon their government. Yet the people were not without influence. When there was an advancement in religious matters this bore along the laity and clergy together, and in this way the people acted upon the Church.

The Church gave herself but little trouble about individual development. She endeavored to soften the harsh manners of the great, and to render them more just and kind toward their infe-

riors. She also made an effort to introduce a life of morality among the laity. What she did in the way of intellectual improvement was confined to her own interests. Her schools and colleges were all purely theological.

Her labors for the improvement of the social state were greater and more powerful. She struggled zealously with the great vices of society.

We may now sum up the influences of the Church upon civilization by saying that she had great and good influence upon the moral and intellectual condition, while her influence upon the political condition was rather hurtful.

## RECTITUDE.

It is a cognition of what is right, *i.e.*, of what is one's duty.

According to some authors the cognition of rectitude is intuitive in all simple cases. It is mediate only when the case is a complex one. Our Teacher thinks the cognition of rectitude is never intuitive in the actions of others, and we are liable to error in regard to our own cognitions. He is not certain that we intuitively cognize the rectitude of our own actions.

God's law. Some say that such things as tend to promote happiness are right, and those are wrong which tend to produce misery. They affirm that right and wrong consist in producing

happiness or misery. Our author says, it is true, that doing right produces happiness, but it does not consist in producing happiness. He says if it is our duty to do right, and to do right is to obtain the greatest happiness, and if a person can obtain the greatest happiness by serving the Devil, then it is our duty to serve him. This appears logical.

The finite mind cannot always tell what actions will produce the greatest happiness or misery. God has given the standard in his law, and he only demands things which tends to happiness.

God has commanded it, and He is too wise to command anything which is not for the best. Some say because God commands it and He is our Creator. But had our Creator been an evil being and commanded things which are wrong, then we would not be under obligation to obey Him. It consists in doing such

things as we, with the very best light we can obtain, cognize to be our duty.

A perfect moral law demands nothing which is impossible.

If one's intentions are pure, and, for some cause over which he has no control, he cannot do as he wishes, he deserves as much credit for the intention as though he had put it into execution. Or, if he does a thing through ignorance which would be wrong under other circumstances, he is not to blame, if he has made the proper effort to know what his duty is. If he is willfully ignorant he is not excusable for doing wrong.



## CAUSATION.

A cause is that which can produce a change. An effect is that which is produced by some cause.

If it was the result of experience it would not operate at such an early period in the existence of individuals and of society.

We could not account for the uniformity of an opinion of individuals, however different their surroundings. We could not account for the fundamental and necessary character of judgment. It is the result of intuitive cognition.

In antecedence and consequence there is no idea of power. A consequence does not necessarily always follow the

same antecedent. A cause has power in it which produces the consequence. When a spark is applied to gunpowder an explosion is produced. The explosion is a necessity.

Mill thinks the law of causality is not cognized intuitively, but is the result of experience. He thinks the law is true as far as this world is concerned, because observation has shown it to be so. He thinks there may be some place where things follow each other at random.

Brown says when we speak of cause and effect we have in our minds no other idea than that of antecedence and consequence. Dr. Hickok says of Brown, that he evidently wished to exclude the idea of necessity from his analysis.

Wilson says when we speak of a power in an object to produce a change in another object and a susceptibility of change in that object we have more than

a belief that such things have taken place and will take place. We perceive that there is something in the nature of the objects which renders the change a necessity.

Hamilton says when we say a thing is an effect we only say that it has formerly existed under another form. He says causation is the result of our inability to conceive of an absolute beginning or end.

Kant assumes that the phenomenal consequences are real and the substances of which these are qualities cannot be known to human intelligence. He says our notion of causation is a conception of the mind.

## POLITICAL ECONOMY.

1. Political economy is the science of exchanges or it is that division of social science which treats of the production of wealth, so as to best gratify the desires of men.

A science is the systematic arrangement of true definitions and principles educed from and applied to any branch of learning or phenomena. Wealth or property is any useful product of labor which may be appropriated and exchanged.

Value is purchasing power with reference to any commodity whatever. Formerly there was considered to be two kinds of value, one the exchangeable value or what is now called value, and the

other serviceable value, which is now called utility. Then utility is the amount of service a thing will render.

Price is purchasing power expressed in terms of money.

Capital is wealth used in production. Money is any useful product of labor which is used as a standard of value and to facilitate exchanges.

2. Man has many and various desires to gratify. In order that man may gratify his various desires and cause nature to bring forth her hidden resources he must labor. By labor comes the exclusive right of property. With the right of property comes the right of exchange.

It was formerly understood that money alone constituted wealth. It was the policy of nations to procure all the money they could and allow no money to pass out.

It is a mistake to consider that any

natural or acquired ability is wealth, for this cannot be exchanged. It is an error to think that all wealth is tangible. *Our Author* thinks (but our Teacher does not agree with him) it is an error to consider notes, U. S. bonds, etc., as wealth.

3. Supply is the amount of a thing in the market, or which is ready to be exchanged. Demand for an article is the desire there is for it taken in connection with the ability of persons to purchase it. A monopoly is a legal restriction placed upon the sale of certain articles.

Value increases directly as demand, and inversely as supply.

Production, consumption, distribution, exchange :—

4. Labor is any voluntary exertion of human beings put forth to attain some desired object. There are two kinds, physical and mental. Physical labor alone can only produce motion. Mental

labor investigates, discovers, and directs motion or manages. They are nearly always used together. It is not correct to make such a distinction as productive and unproductive labor. All labor is intended to be productive, and, if it fails to be so, it is only on account of some failure on the part of the labor or some fault in machinery or something of the kind. Changes effected by labor are transmutation, transformation, and transportation. The first changes the elementary form of matter; the second, the aggregate form, the third changes its place.

5. Division of labor illustrated by a loaf of bread. If we examine the ingredients of the bread we find they come from various sources. Then, if we consider any one of the ingredients, as the flour, we find a diversity of labor employed in its production. We go to the

mill where it is ground and find various workmen. We find the mill and machinery require many kinds of labor, carpenters, masons, etc., etc. Then, to go farther, we find that the farmer employed various kinds of labor in the production of the wheat itself. An Indian woman may raise her corn and beat it up and bake a cake in the ashes, but how inferior this bread is, and what a vast amount of labor she bestows upon a single cake of bread. In the former case the bread is, by division of labor, produced with but little labor to any one.

Division of labor implies analysis of the process and distribution of different kinds of labor involved in the process. It shortens apprenticeship ; saves time in passing from one kind of labor to another ; saves time in adjusting complicated tools ; skill and dexterity are acquired ; suggests inventions ; gives



an opportunity to use labor of different grades ; can use skilled labor on such parts as require it and unskilled on other parts. It is also of advantage to many workmen, as it gives work to children and weak persons who would otherwise be unemployed.

Division is restricted by the nature of the process. The work can be analyzed into a certain number of parts; and no more, and of course the divisions cannot be greater than the number of parts.

By the amount of capital. If a man has only capital sufficient to employ his own labor he cannot afford to make a division of labor. By demand for the article, by the executive capacity of the manager.

6. Raw material. Implements and machinery. Money for the sustenance of laborers. Finished products, waiting for a market.

It is not correct to make such a distinction as productive and unproductive use of capital; all capital is intended to be productive. Fixed capital is such as may be used a number of times, and brings in its returns at successive periods. Circulating capital brings in its returns at once and passes on to other hands or is consumed. Money which is loaned may be classed as fixed capital. It may be loaned a number of times and bring in interest at many different times. Money used in making purchases is circulating. It brings its returns to the purchaser at once, and passes entirely from his hands.

7. Distribution of capital. Ratio of number of laborers and capital. Confidence in reward. Intellectual and moral culture.

Division of labor gives rise to combinations and co-operative associations. It

gives rise to combinations and strikes, because it throws a large number of uneducated men together, and they frequently have an idea that the interests of the capitalists are directly opposed to their own interests. They feel a jealousy towards them and a sympathy for each other. They agree to stop work until wages are raised. During a strike those who would work are not allowed to do so, and frequently there is the greatest distress.

Associations have been formed to cultivate the different feelings between the laborer and the capitalist and have each understand that the welfare of one depends upon that of the other. It appears that this would be a good thing, but so far there has been but little success.

8. Free-trade is based on the supposition that it is for the happiness and good

of society that there should be free exchange between individuals and nations.

Protection is directly opposed to free trade and makes a supposition that it is for the good of nations to protect home production by laying a tariff on such imported articles as can be produced cheaper abroad than at home.

Free-trade is right for many reasons. It is right that capital and labor should be free, and in the same way trade should be free. A person should be allowed to send the products of his labor where he wishes, and the law of supply and demand should regulate the price he gets for them. If for any reason foreign countries can produce articles cheaper than they can be produced at home, let them do it, and let home manufacturers turn their attention to something else. There are some things they can do better than other

nations. Why not apply division of labor here, and let each nation do those things it can do best? It is claimed that it will be only necessary to support home manufactories for a short time, and they will have ability after a short time to compete with foreign countries. It is better to wait until a country has reached a stage where it can compete and then establish the manufactories. Until the manufactories can support themselves it is better to get the desired products as cheap as possible from abroad. For the tariff must be paid by the consumer, and is simply a heavy tax which is paid to the home manufacturer, and the loss does not fall upon the foreign country. It is said that home manufactories are necessary in order to establish national independence. Such independence may be compared to the independence of a hermit who lives

upon his own labor and refuses to have intercourse with others. It is true that protection may make a home market in many places where otherwise it would not exist. But it is of no advantage to an agriculturist to save the expense of transportation if he must more than make up for this by giving enormous prices for articles he uses. The protectionist urges with much effect that without protection the wages of our country would be reduced to that of the pauper labor of old countries. If this is investigated it is found that the so-called pauper labor is that of farms and not of manufactures. Certainly the farmers of our country need fear nothing of this kind, since they can live and support the home manufactories under the present system.

9. Credit is trust in the promise for an equivalent to be returned for values

immediately transferred. The nature of credit is such as to lessen the amount of money used in exchanges. The forms of credit are, book accounts, loans, bank deposits, notes, U. S. bonds, Mercantile paper, credit currency. Useful functions of credit are : 1st. Brings wealth into form of capital, and renders it productive. 2d. Gives efficiency to business capacity. 3d. Quickens exchanges. 4th. It assists men who are really in need, and enables them to live when otherwise they would starve. 5th. It saves much time and trouble which would be spent in making settlements. Illustrated by exchange between New York and Liverpool where accounts are balanced and little or no money is transferred.

Abuses of Credit. 1st. Too freely used. 2d. Wild speculations of borrowers. 3d. Extravagant living of borrowers. 4th.

Men sometimes borrow with no intention of paying. The consequent mischiefs of the abuses of credit are : fluctuations, failures, commercial crises ; blunts the moral sensibilities, and causes men to lose inclination to labor with right motives.

10. Standard of value and means of exchange fit gold and silver for money, 1st. Intrinsic value. 2d. Divisibility without loss of value. 3d. Uniform purity. 4th. When alloyed easily detected. 5th. Not easily destroyed. 6th. Hardness. 7th. Great value concentrated in small space. 8th. The way in which they are adjusted to each other—gold suited for large pieces and silver for those of small value.

General truth. 1st. As a standard of value it must have value. 2d. Must be universally accepted. 3d. The amount of



money is in comparison with the number of exchanges which are going on.

The agency of government concerning money is to coin money and to establish a legal tender.

## TRANSLATIONS FROM THE LATIN.

*From the Æneid.*

Oh ! Æneas, why do you lacerate me, a miserable one ? Now spare me, buried ; forbear to defile your pious hands. Troy does not bear me a stranger to you, or this blood would not flow from the bark. Ho ! flee from this cruel earth, flee from the shores of the avaricious, for I am Polydorous. An iron crop of darts fixed me here, and has shot up into sharp javelins. Then indeed I stood horrified, oppressed as to my mind with a double-headed fear, and my hairs stood up, and my voice clung to my throat. Unhappy Priam demanded Polydorous that the gold with so great weight should be brought up to the Thracian King. Now

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while he was distrusting the Dardanian arms he saw the city surrounded by a blockade. He saw that the resources of the Trojans were broken and fortune had fled. He followed the affairs of the Greek and successful arms, he broke every divine law, he killed Polydorous and gained possession of the gold by force. Oh! accursed thirst for gold, what will you not compel mortal minds to do?

After fear left my bones, I bore the portents of the gods to the chosen chiefs of the people, and especially to my father, and demanded what their opinion might be. There was the same mind to all, to depart from the wicked country, to leave the polluted hospitality and to give the wind to the fleet.

*Dido's Entreaty to Æneas.*

Moreover, do you hope to be able to dissimulate such unlawful things, O faithless one, and silently to depart from my lands? Neither does our love hold thee; neither the right hand given formerly hold thee; neither Dido about to die by cruel death? When also do you attempt the fleet under a wintry star and hasten to go over the sea in the midst of the north wind, O cruel one? Why, if you do not see foreign lands and unknown homes, and ancient Troy should remain, should Troy be sought by the fleet through a billowy sea? Why do you leave me? I beseech thee by these tears and thy right hand (for nothing remains to me—a miserable one—except these), by our marriage, and by the

nuptials just begun, if I have deserved anything well from thee, or if anything of mine was sweet to thee, pity the fallen house, and if there is any place for prayers, change thy mind. On account of thee the Libian race and the tyrants of the Nomads hate me, the Tyrians are hostile; on account of thee the same modesty is extinct, and, by that fame first I was approaching the stars. For whom do you desert me about to die, O guest—since this name alone remains from husband? Why do I delay? or while my brother Pygmalion destroys the walls, or Gætulian Iarbas leads me a captive. If at least any offspring might have been left to me from thee before thy flight, if any little Æneas might play in the halls for me, who nevertheless bears thy countenance, not indeed would I seem altogether deceived and deserted.

*From Tacitus.*

I myself agree with the opinions of those who think the people of Germany are mixed with no other nations by intermarriages, but they constitute a race unmixed and only like itself. For which reason also the characteristics of their bodies are the same to all, although there is so great a number of men ; fierce, and with dark blue eyes, sandy hair, great bodies, and only valid for attack ; and there is not the same endurance of labors and of works ; and, least of all, are they accustomed to bear thirst and heat, but by their climate and soil they are accustomed to bear cold and want.

It is necessary to take up the enmities, either of fathers or of relations, just as friendships ; nor do they remain implacable, for even homicide is forgiven by a

certain number of cattle or of sheep, and the whole family connection receives satisfaction, which is useful in public, because hostilities, like liberty, are dangerous. We have taken up these things in general concerning the origin and customs of all the Germans; now I shall hasten on to the political institutions and rites of each race, in what respect they differ, what nations have emigrated from Germany into Gaul.

Among the German people I have not enumerated those who inhabit the tithe-paying fields, although they settled across the Rhine and Danube rivers. Each most distinguished and bold, the one of Gaul at first occupied the soil as a doubtful possession. Soon, with a defined limit and established guard, the frontier of the empire and part of the province are held.

Of the gods they especially cherish

Mercury, to whom they consider it lawful to sacrifice on certain days, and also with human victims. They appease Mars and Hercules with animals sacrificed. And a part of the Suevi sacrifice to Isidus. From what cause and origin the sacred rites were brought in it is too little known unless that the banner itself, figured in the manner of a Liburnian galley taught the religion brought in. But they think from the greatness of the Heavens they should not limit gods to walls, or simulate them in any appearance of human face. They consecrate forests and groves and they call by the names of the gods that which is secret, that which they see with reverence alone.



























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